

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, TUESDAY, NOV. 9, 1897.

THE WEATHER—Forecast for to-day, rain, and warmer.

## THE COMPETITOR PRISONERS.

The second trial by court-martial of the five men known as the Competitor prisoners was postponed yesterday in Havana owing to the illness of the President of the Court. The postponement merely begs the issue, but does not suggest its settlement.

At least two of the prisoners who are to be put in jeopardy of their lives are proved to be American citizens. One of them, Ona Melton, was, when captured, on his way to Cuba as a newspaper correspondent, and in that capacity is, under the law of civilized nations, exempt from capture or punishment as a combatant. None of the captured men is a Cuban or a Spaniard. None is guilty, even under a strained construction of the law, of a graver offense than being a member of the crew of a vessel which carried arms and munitions of war to a country where no state of war is officially recognized to exist. And this, in international law, is no offense at all.

When this second trial shall be held, when the President of the Court shall have recovered from his peculiarly timely illness, there will be questions of international law involved which will overshadow in importance everything else that the evidence may bring forth.

First of these is the question whether Spain has any right to try these Americans by court-martial. The existing treaty with Spain provides that citizens of the United States charged with sedition, conspiracy or treason against the supreme government of Spain, shall not be subject to trial under any extraordinary jurisdiction, but solely by the regular courts. "Yes," the Spaniard would say, "but that treaty provides for this immunity from military trial only for American citizens resident in Spanish possessions." This is a pure technicality, an attempt to evade the plain spirit of the treaty, which intended that every American falling into the clutches of the Spanish authorities should have the right to a trial before an established court of law. The Government of the United States cannot accept such a specious plea, nor can it let the lives or the liberties of even its humblest citizens be staked upon a verbal quibble.

But even if this Spanish conception of the meaning of the treaty—known as the Cushing protocol—had force, Spain still has been guilty of violating her treaty obligations in the cases of these men. The treaty of 1795, the effect of which continues unimpaired, provided that accused Americans "should be permitted to employ such advocates as they may judge proper." What advocates did the Competitor men have? One sub-lieutenant in the Spanish army chosen from the very service which bitterly hates Americans, an advocate who could only find enough in his clients' case to occupy him ten minutes, and who doubtless at heart regarded their sentence to death as just! Was this the observance of the spirit of the treaty? Was it even in accordance with the unwritten but universally accepted law which assigns to men whose life is in jeopardy earnest, competent and sympathetic counsel? Bear in mind that after that drumhead court-martial, with this farce of a defence, these men were sentenced to death.

"But," say the Spaniards in rebuttal, "these men were taken with arms in their hands, and are accordingly subject to military jurisdiction." Were they? How is it proved? The captain of the Spanish naval launch Mensajera, his mate, and his engineer, testified to the contrary. All the evidence is purely ex parte, and, even at that, it shows conclusively that none of the prisoners were taken with arms in their possession, nor is there any proof that either of them bore arms at any time. Newspaper correspondents do go forth armed cap a pie. Captains of Yankee schooners like the Competitor are ready to take cargoes or passengers, but they are not apt to shoulder rifles and turn into revolutionists. Spain must bring better evidence than she has yet produced to convict these men, and to send them to the garrote or the tender mercy of the firing squad. It is a plain violation of our treaty to try them before a military court.

The United States Government is alive to the gravity of this case, and the people of this nation will support the national government in any step which is necessary to prevent the sacrifice of American lives to Spanish lust for blood.

## THE "BALANCE" next Assembly between the Democrats and the Platt machine Republicans will be held by six or eight members from New York and Brooklyn—that is from the city of New York as it will be from the time the Legislature meets. What use will these men make of their power?

There is talk about their trying to control the organization of the Assembly and make one of their own number the Speaker. The natural corollary to this would be continued efforts to bring one party or the other to their ground upon legislative measures. It would be much wiser and more reasonable for these men to join with the Democrats in organizing the Assembly and making up the committees, and to support Democratic measures in so far as they commanded their approval.

The people of the State indicated very clearly a disapproval of the Republican policy that has prevailed for the last two sessions at Albany, and a desire for its reversal. The sentiment which gave Parker his large plurality, and turned the government of all our leading cities over to the Democrats, elected the independent and anti-Platt Republican Assemblymen as well as the straight Democrats.

If these men fairly represent their constituents they will be in accord with the Democrats in most matters of State policy, especially so far as they affect cities. When they dissent from proposed Democratic measures, they can refuse to support them, but they will accomplish much more good and more successful in preventing harm if they ally themselves with the Democrats to make up a working majority.

If they hold on as an independent minority and use their votes as a lever between the two par-

ties, they will cause much trouble and contention and accomplish little good.

## THE TRIAL OF THORN.

The trial of Martin Thorn, who was jointly indicted with Mrs. Augusta Nack for the murder of William Guldensuppe, was begun in Long Island City yesterday, and bids fair to be one of the most notable in the record of criminal trials in this country.

It is the fashion in some quarters to deprecate the interest taken in matters of crime and the trial and punishment of criminals, but it is a human interest of the most natural and of the keenest kind. That which appeals most strongly to human feeling, and which most deeply incites human reflection is the conduct of human beings under the stress of the varied influences that sway their action, and in the consequences which such conduct brings upon them.

It is this keen interest in human character and human fate that underlies the fascination of tragedy and the attraction of romance, and it is this that inspires the fervor of religion, and leads men to devote their lives to the salvation of others. Is this interest in the evil which men do, and in the consequences that it entails, unwholesome in its effects?

In some, no doubt, it may excite morbid impulses and tend to aggravate the perversions of their own nature; but in more it arouses abhorrence, and serves as a warning against permitting evil impulses to gain headway and overcome the barriers of self-control. In the ferment of feeling and the agitation of thought produced by reports of crime and of proceedings for its punishment, the corrective influences have the advantage, and the net result is moral progress.

Danger does not lie in publicity and in a full understanding in these cases, but concealment and half knowledge, a covering up of facts, and a hiding of consequences would leave the insidious infection of crime to work its way in society without so powerful a check from corrective efforts.

## CASTELAR'S EXHIBITIONS.

The recent effusions of Senor Emilio Castelar on the Cuban question make clear to all, what has been well known for some time to those acquainted with the course of events, that Senor Castelar is no longer what he was. He never had much exact knowledge, and now he is no longer able to conceal his ignorance under a cloud of glowing rhetoric.

In one of his latest efforts Castelar illuminates the confiding Spaniards with the remarkable information that the United States, not having money enough to build the Nicaragua Canal, sold half of it to England. This shows how lightly we hold the Monroe doctrine when it suits our purposes to dispense with it.

In the article that appeared in yesterday's Journal the former republican leader asserts that no nation in Europe ever intervenes directly or indirectly in another nation's affairs. "If the right of intervention in other nations' affairs was recognized," he remarks, "we would go back to the Middle Ages." Hardly that far. We should certainly not have to go back further than 1823, when a French army compelled Spain to give up her liberal constitution and submit to the restoration of absolutism. We could stop at 1849, when Russia suppressed the Hungarian revolution for Austria; or at 1859, when Sardinia and France intervened between Austria and her subjects of Lombardy; or at 1877, when Russia interfered with Turkey's right to pursue Weyler's policy toward her Christian serfs; or at 1857, when all the powers of Europe took a hand at muddling the affairs of Crete. The whole history of Europe is one of incessant intervention.

But it is hardly worth while to treat Castelar seriously. The time when he was regarded as the Gam-betta of Spanish politics is past. He is an exploded balloon.

## PLAYING HORSE IN CHICAGO.

Doubtless Chicago is a town of some transcendent merits. Its city limits in extent are unapproachable—even by its own citizens, unless they are willing to undertake a six days' tramp. Its Mayor is the youngest chief executive ever known and the wisest, for he is at all times willing to make long journeys to instruct less fortunate cities in the art of self-government. Personal liberty in Chicago has reached the ultimate—in fact, nobody there regards a law as a matter worthy of consideration between friends. The streets clean themselves and the street railway corporations govern themselves. And without Chicago is contented.

But at one point Chicago falls short of true civic greatness. It can't run a "social function." Here's the Horse Show, for example, just ended with a deficit of \$20,000. Through a sensational career of scandal this institution has run a purely Chicagoesque course to final collapse. First the directors suppressed John A. Logan, Jr., the manager; then, because he seems to have owned about all the horses to be exhibited, they humbly apologized; finally some thrifty Chicagoan without the fear of greatness before his eyes attached Mr. Logan's salary, and the show closed in an atmosphere which might be called sulphurous if Chicagoesque wasn't a better adjective.

The real fact of the matter is that Chicagoans who know horses know equally well that they have to come to New York to see them at their best. Fortunately, despite its idiosyncracies, Chicago enjoys the very best railroad facilities for communication with the one metropolis.

## NEW JERSEY AND THE PALISADES.

Much interest is felt in the attitude of the newly elected members of the New Jersey Legislature on the subject of saving the Palisades of the Hudson River from the ravages of the quarrymen. While the Hudson River is within the jurisdiction of New York State, and the Palisades front upon its waters and constitute the great attraction of the lower part of that great State, most of the picturesque ridge itself stands in New Jersey, and turns its unattractive back to the State which alone has power to protect it.

This situation calls for some nomenclature and extra public spirit in New Jersey legislators to induce them to take vigorous steps to stop a vandalism that affects their constituents far less than it does the people of New York. But they share with all patriotic Americans in the attractions of our splendid scenery, and should have as deep an interest as the rest in its preservation, and in this case

they have the responsibility of possession and of power to protect.

The appeal to the National Government has thus far been fruitless, and the saving of the Palisades depends upon New York and New Jersey. This State should co-operate to the full extent of its power and take a share in such expense as may be necessary commensurate with its share in the benefit.

Another Winter should not pass without the adoption of some plan for stopping the destruction of one of the finest features of eastern landscape.

Secretary Sherman is said to be very anxious for the success of Mark Hanna in the Ohio Senatorial contest. In case Mark can hold on to his job in the Senate Sherman will not be rooted out of the Cabinet. John Sherman may be losing his memory, but his human nature is intact and robust.

Mr. Hanna is said to have great confidence that the Ohio Supreme Court will decide all contested election cases in his favor. The Ohio Supreme Court has never failed to respond to the touch of the political button, and Mr. Hanna's confidence is doubtless justified.

Hon. Tom Reed presents his assurances of highest consideration to Hon. Tom Platt and begs to remind him that he is glad he didn't respond to that invitation to come down and get a front seat in the debris.

The election in Maryland developed the fact that there are several counties in that State that are without either telegraph or railway lines. Maryland people should do less talking about the undeveloped West.

General Miles's plan to protect the Chicago public building with Gatling guns ought to suggest to President McKinley "something equally as good" to keep the office-seekers out of the White House.

If the Georgia Legislature decides to pass that bill for the suppression of football some enterprising member might be able to slip in a rider making lynching at least a misdemeanor in that State.

In case the new municipal administration gives New York good government the professional good government agitators will be sorely disappointed. They will be out of employment.

The surprising thing in connection with General Miles's plan for the defence of the Chicago Post Office building is that it doesn't include a life-size painting of General Miles.

"What will Congress do with the Cuban question?" inquires an innocent exchange. It should make application to Tom Reed for an answer to its question.

Possibly Mr. Platt has sufficiently recovered to admit that no great national issue was decided by the election of municipal officers last Tuesday.

## ECHOES FROM THE JOURNAL.

**A Single-Handed Victory.**  
The New York Journal is the paper for loyal Democrats to read. It stood practically alone in the New York City contest, and won a signal victory.—Gloversville Morning Herald.

**A Dethroned Napoleon.**  
The World, the past Napoleon of Journalism in New York, has met its Wellington in the Journal. Since the announcement of the Journal of its nearly 1,000,000 circulation the World has ceased the publication of its circulation. In the Majority contest the World came out at the short end of the line. The Journal is now the only open and pronounced Democratic paper in New York, and it is being fully appreciated and recognized by the masses whose cause it has espoused and advocated. In the late Presidential campaign it stood as the fearless champion of the Chicago platform and Mr. Bryan, and in the late Majority contest for Van Wyck, the successful candidate. Long live the Journal, and may it continue to prosper.—York Press, York, Pa.

**That Dangerous Roadbed.**  
After the accident at Garrison's the New York Journal chartered a steam launch and employed a number of experts to make an examination of the retaining walls along the Hudson where the accident took place. It found that the wall holding the track in place was not cemented; that it was laid forty years ago, and for forty years "has withstood the surging wash of the Hudson on windy days, the buffings of gale-driven waves on stormy days, and seasons after seasons of ice and sun." Accepting the Journal's investigation, the wonder is not that the accident occurred last Sunday, but that it did not occur before. The Journal warns New Yorkers that they are exposed to similar dangers on many stretches of the road along the river between New York and Albany. Mr. Depeux's dynamite appears to have been an afterthought, suggested by the demonstration of the imperfections of the sustaining wall.—Pittsburg Post.

## EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

**This Will Be Attended To.**  
To the Editor of the Journal.  
As our relations with Spain seem to be drifting into a state which may lead to actual hostilities, I would like to call the attention of our naval authorities to an important matter. Our Navy Squadron certainly looks very beautiful for a naval parade. But in war the conspicuous target for the enemy's guns? Why not paint the men-of-war as nearly the color of the ocean as possible? It would not take much time to give them a coat of rather darkish gray-blue—almost violet—and be a sure protection than sometimes defective armorplate.

May be you will be able to reach the ear of our Naval Secretary, and the adoption of my idea lessen loss of life on our side.  
DR. H. HOGELBERG.

**A Cuban Veteran Spurns Autonomy.**  
To the Editor of the Journal.  
As a veteran of the ten years' Cuban war (1868-78), and as a loyal son of Cuba, I am sure that I voice the sentiment of my people when I say we will have nothing of Spain's home rule project. We must and shall have complete independence or death. "La independencia completa o muerte."  
We have had enough of Spanish reforms in Cuba; we will now have a free republic. I therefore wish you would add my name, as a loyal Cuban, to the resolution repudiating the proposed reforms offered by Spain to the Cuban people who are in arms against a cruel tyranny that has no place on the Western hemisphere. In the year 1907 I was an appointed adjutant on the staff of General Francisco Vicente Aguilera, since deceased. Yours very truly,  
J. M. VALDES.

**Greetings From Across the Sea.**  
To the Editor of the Journal.  
Though I am some distance I write to offer my congratulations to you for the efforts in effecting the release of that persecuted lady, Miss Cienfuegos, from the Spanish. You deserve all the praise that has been written by your admirers. The Journal did noble work.  
RICHARD D. WALSH.

**Republicans Lost Their Heads.**  
To the Editor of the Journal.  
It requires a strong mind to stand prosperity. The Republicans lost their heads as soon as they gained their victory only a short time ago, forgetting it would not last for ever, and ignoring all obligations. But how the inflection of vengeance came about in such a short time is no secret. Raines League law and the jangling with \$1 gas were sufficient reasons for the clean sweep of the Democratic municipal ticket. This victory ought to eliminate bores, which is dangerous to any party.  
H. RICH.

**Arkansas Democracy Rejoicing.**  
To the Editor of the Journal.  
The great victory of the Democracy of Greater New York makes glad the heart of a Democrat even in the backwoods precincts of Arkansas. I take your great paper and have seen what grand work it has done in the recent campaign and wish to thank you personally for it. The press is almost all-powerful when it is right.  
JOHN Q. WOLF.

## Incompatibility of Temperament.

IF we could only adopt some prenuptial arrangement for determining the temperamental compatibility of prospective husbands and wives I am sure that we would save a lot of connubial infelicity, although we would be robbed of the pleasure of gossiping about probable separations and possible divorces.

Under the operation of such an experimental system it is likely that a certain prominent musician and his well-connected wife would never have married. They would have quarreled before they reached the altar, the wedding would have been declared off and the fine world would not now be discussing the extent and consequences of their differences.

From all that I hear it seems to be quite clear that out of the multiplicity of their disagreements this husband and this wife have come to an agreement at last, viz: They cannot live together any longer. Like most musicians he is peculiar, to say the least, while she has inherited a disposition that does not adapt itself readily to peculiarities in others.

In short, it is another case of incompatibility of temperament that is so severely aggravated by the matrimonial yoke. No definite time is set by the gossip for the unyoking, but the general opinion is that unless it takes place soon something is likely to break.

The chappies of the Westchester hunting set are more to serious excitement over the possible necessity of choosing a new Master of the Fox Hounds.

It is said that William Iselin, the incumbent of that high and honorable office, has made up his mind to resign, although he is passionately fond of riding to hounds and was vastly proud of his red coat, the badge of his distinction.

Who will succeed him is the all-important question that is agitating the Westchester aristocrats.

The most prominent candidate that I have heard mentioned is Eugene Reynal, the younger brother of the one and only "Natty."

Some objection is urged against Eugene Reynal on account of his youth, but I take it that he is quite old enough to perform the numerous and onerous duties of M. F. H. and to keep Louis Haight from riding down the pack.

He rides like a cowboy and is quite as daring and plucky as his brother "Natty," which is just about the limit. Altogether Eugene is fit for the place and I hope he will get it.

Bobbie Hargous, who has just returned to America with his sister, Mrs. George B. De Forest, is looking remarkably well for a young gentleman who has done little else in the last three years but loll about Venice in his own gondolas.

It must be admitted, however, that that life of ease and luxury has had a softening effect on Bobbie.

He isn't nearly as gay as he was in those exuberant salad days when he played clown at the never-to-be-forgotten Waterbury circus or when he subsequently danced the can-can at Newport with dear old "Auntie" Parau Stevens.

The change in Bobbie is so marked that it suggests the idea that he is almost tame enough to take a wife. And, indeed, it is about time that he made a move in this direction.

Mr. Roderick Dhu Cameron has returned from Europe with his daughter and his temper, and the town will not be any the duller for his coming.

Like some other well-distilled Scotch things that come to us by way of Canada, Sir Roderick is hot stuff when unworked.

In view of the small talk of the past Summer, no one need be surprised to hear the old rumor revived that Miss Cameron is to marry Mr. John H. Davis, the twice widowed father of Lady Terence Blackburn. At the same time I have excellent authority for the statement that all such speculation has no basis in fact.

Another recent arrival is that of Mr. Edgar Speyer, who comes to America to act as best man at his brother's marriage to Mrs. John A. Lowery.

And that reminds me of a letter which I had the other day from an alarmist, who sees in Mrs. Lowery's choice of a husband and in the assiduous attentions of Mr. Beit to Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, a possibly successful invasion of the Four Hundred by Semitic gentlemen that may leave nothing for Gentile dukes.

All that I can say on this point is that if the Gentile duke can't hold his own against the Semitic invasion he deserves to lose it.

The determination of the Stanley Mortimers to sail for Europe to-morrow will rob the Horse Show of two of its most enthusiastic and devoted adherents.

A Horse Show without Stanley Mortimer is like a peacock's tail with one of its best feathers missing.

And yet I can't blame the poor old chap for running away this year. He is still hobbling about on crutches from his polo accident at Newport, and to come to this Garden in that condition would be only an aggravation to the proud spirit that has always exulted in the plaudits that the multitude lavished upon his horsemanship. It is better to dream aboard ship of past glories than to weep for them in an arena box.

The story that the Countess Festetics De Tolna was hastening from Yokohama to New York on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, is untrue so far as the cause of the Countess's coming is concerned. Mrs. Haggin is not seriously ill.

Mrs. Henry Claws, who has been abroad all Summer, looking after her hopeful, Henry Claws, Jr., will sail for New York to-morrow and arrive here just in time to exploit some stunning Parisian gown at the Horse Show.

The William C. Whitney are booked for the same day, and we may expect them to swell the list of notables that will minimize the horse and monopolize attention next week.

**A Revolt.**  
[Aldrich Globe.]  
Society dictates that when a man meets a lady on the streets, and is smoking a cigar, he must throw the cigar away, even if it costs twenty cents. We refuse to do it; we will give society first.

**Our War Talkers.**  
[Detroit News.]  
It seems that Congress has been too busy talking war to make proper appropriations for naval work.

**The Real Thing.**  
[Washington Post.]  
We are patiently waiting for some inventor to place a chainless bicycle crank on the market.

## As Told Over the Teacups.

"W H Y, I didn't expect to see you at home so soon!" cried the girl in the English top coat, "I heard that you were in the country, visiting Ethel and—"

"So I was, dear," replied the girl in the picture hat, "I returned sooner than I had expected, however, because—"

"You needn't explain, dear. There is only one reason when a girl who has gone visiting to remain a month returns in two days!"

"M—yes, I suppose so. I told you the circumstances under which I went, didn't I?"

"You did, dear, and I wondered at you at the time. It is hard enough to visit an engaged girl at the best of times, but when her mother has gone away on a trip, leaving her the care of the house, and the cook chooses just that time to go home sick, I wonder at any sane girl who—"

"Keep on, my dear! I deserve it all. I had no better sense than to think it would be fun. I am naturally industrious, anyhow, and I know how to make four kinds of taffy, as well as Welsh rabbit in the chafing dish, so I knew I could help Ethel a great deal."

"Of course you could. Still, you might have managed to make yourself useful at home. Your sister was laid up with a sprained ankle; your mother busy with a charity bazaar, and your aunt and her six children visiting in the house."

"I know that. I preferred to make myself useful to Ethel, however. You see, I did not expect to live in the house with her in future, and so ran no danger of establishing a record for idleness."

"Humph—I see, and I take back anything I may have said concerning your lack of wisdom. Tell me about your visit."

"Thanks. I will. Naturally, Ethel told me all about her betrothed, whom I had never seen, the very first night of my arrival."

"Of course; showing you all the photographs he had ever taken and explaining just where each one was unsatisfactory."

"No. She didn't show me any of his photographs. She knew I was to see him myself so soon that—"

"That was something to be thankful for. Was she uneasy lest you fall in love with him?"

"I guess so. She said I must not mind if he seemed to admire me greatly—it was just his way and meant nothing. She said he had such intelligent eyes and such beautiful hair that no girl!"

"Spare me that, dear. But why did you come home so soon? Did you cook a Welsh rabbit? Or did you make some of your unbreakable taffy and put it to cool on a Royal Worcester plate?"

"Of course not. I—well, the very next morning Ethel asked me if I could make a pudding. I said I didn't know, but she assured me that she knew I could, for I was always so fond of sweets. Finally, I agreed to try, but I didn't seem to know how to begin. Ethel had confused me by telling me stories of the pranks of the patients at the insane asylum, a mile away. She was washing dishes at the time; I forgot to tell you that the housemaid had gone to her great-grandmother's funeral. Ethel asked her if it couldn't be postponed; but she said 'No.' Just as I got all my ingredients together and was wondering which to use the most, of flour or baking powder, the front door bell rang and then Ethel upset the contents of the dishpan all over her hair."

"That is just like an engaged girl. They are so nervous."

"Aren't they? There was no one else in the house, so I said I would go to the door. I was in hopes she would forget the pudding before my return. When I opened the door a young man stood there; he had wild eyes and a perfect mop of hair. He said: 'It's me. I suppose I can come right in.' Then he shut the street door and shook my hand violently, telling me all the time how glad he was to see me!"

"Oh, my goodness! Was he a burglar? Or, worse, an escaped maniac? He—"

"Yes, I knew at once when I was talking to, so I asked him, in soothing tones to walk into the parlor—and turned the key on him."

"Oh, you brave girl! Then, did you fall in a faint outside the door?"

"Nothing of the kind. The door was fast glass, and he could see me through it. No, I walked quietly into the kitchen and said: 'Don't be at all alarmed, Ethel, but there is a poor demented creature in the parlor—the most awful-looking creature you ever saw! What shall we do?'"

"And what did she say?"

"Began to cry and wring her hands, calling for 'Edgar,' and the lunatic beginning to knock on the parlor and rattle the knob, in his efforts to reach us!"

"Mercy! Tell me quick what you did!"

"Ethel said she would go and call for help. As she passed the parlor window, she saw—"

"The maniac. Was he cutting his throat?"

"No. There was no maniac; it was Edgar, who had just been practising with the football team."

"Goodness gracious, and you had called him a poor, demented creature! What on earth did you do?"

"I went upstairs and packed my trunk, dear. There was nothing else to do!"  
ELISA ARMSTRONG.

## The Merry Jester.

"What do you think of that bill?" asked the lawyer.

"It isn't big enough," the impecunious client replied. "Considering the trouble you're going to have in getting your money, you ought to charge at least 25 per cent more."—Washington Star.

"Why, no, I can't say it ever occurred to me that Binger is a handsome man." "It never did!"

"No, he provides for his family, stays home nights, pays his bills and never seems to get into trouble."—Detroit News.

"Stryker must be of a revengeful disposition."

"Why?"

"You remember that Miss Aughty who snubbed him so at the lake?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's married her."—Detroit Tribune.

"Yes," he was saying, "last season I learned to ride the wheel thoroughly well. Next season—"

Hope, it might as well be admitted, springs some what eternal even in the boldest bicycle chest.

"I shall learn to get on and off."—Detroit Journal.

Mr. Hissand—No airship has been seen for a long time.

Mr. Hissand—True enough. The Pullman, twins would like to see an heirship.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Yonder is a lawyer who got rich as an inventor."

"Ah, what did he invent?"

"An heirship."

"Is it possible? One that would be?"

"I want."—Detroit News.

## The Trying of Andy Hixson.

LATE at night, sometimes, in congenial company and under the restful influence of hops and tobacco, Dr. John H. Girdner forgets solar plexus, politics and the other bothersome things of his daily existence and reverts in anecdote to the gladsome days when he, sport-loving son of a slave-holding sire, ranged the red-clay-scattered and granite-bound hills of his native East Tennessee.

And in those moments the precise, cultivated accent of the university-bred, city-habituated physician is softened by the lazy drawl and the broadened vowels of the men of the hills concerning whom he speaks.